

So Far

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Driving to work, I leave the lowlands and go into the foothills. The dampness on the steering wheel means fog in northern valleys, fog on bridges, means I will be late, but so will everyone else. On the bridge, I think—I could be going the other direction, home. There's nothing to say otherwise. Yesterday was like that. The freeways were landscapes of civility, boulevards where courteous large cars emerged, revealing for a moment, whitewalls and spoked wheels twirling

backwards in the quiet. People had given up trying. Even trucks slowed down. I could see cabs full of big downshifting arms. Up ahead, the ramp that had come in from Monroe, reaching over 405, dropping down to join the south-bound lane had disappeared, leaving in the mist no more than a wrist and an open hand. But still, ghost lights hovered over the road, banked left, and slid down out of the fog, gliding onto what was left of the ramp

joining the stream of mortals below. Each sky car had one driver, just like us. Some had ladders in their trucks fixed with bungee cords. Coffee cups in one hand. Some had empty kids' seats. Even buses appeared good-naturedly heading downtown. So far, that is my only revelation. That one day I saw cars from heaven choose earth, and work.